

VIGILANTIC

Writers Union Unauthorized Underground Burble

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HUFFINGS AND PUFFINGS

When the four editors first sat down to plan Vigil Anti(c), it was seen as a way of uniting the members of the vigil, held monthly in front of Simon & Schuster, under a literary aegis (see p.12). What initially bound us together was our concern over the unfair practices the publishing industry foists upon writers. The grievance of authors Nita Renfrew and Gordon Inkeles is only the tip of the iceberg.

To some extent, this zine is a necessary outgrowth of union members shared activities. Members of the union are likely to know each other as the third baseman on the softball team who couldn't hit water if he fell out of a boat, but who fields like Nureyev; the woman who comes to the Brooklyn pizza social wearing too much Obsession; or that loudmouth who monopolizes the open meetings at union headquarters.

We do not know each other as writers.

I cannot look around a gathering of union members and know who mercilessly splits infinitives. I want to know which ones write about food so enticingly, so graphically, that their writings should be wrapped in plain brown paper. I want to know which, of the three members whose glasses are held together by scotch tape, is really a secret font of wisdom about why dervishes whirl.

A majority, though by no means all, of the pieces in this issue are funny, reflecting my own obsession with what makes us laugh. For this reason, this issue has been renamed Vigil Antic. The static part of our name, Vigil, remains as a reminder that we remain awake and watchful — not only over developments in the Simon & Schuster grievance, but in developments that impact on writers rights and protections everywhere, both within the union and in the publishing community as a whole.

A special thanks goes out to David Cohen, a self-described "keg of untapped talent being refrigerated in the production department of a weekly newsletter on the oil industry," for his invaluable production assistance and copy-editing advice.

Finally, two unabashed plugs. Both Elaine Perry's ANOTHER PRESENT ERA and Nita Renfrew's SADDAM HUSSEIN are available through Vigil Anti. The books are \$12 each. Please send a check made out to the author when ordering. (Vigil Anti, c/o Nita M. Renfrew, 8 East 74th, New York, NY 10021.)

Eric Blair

July 25, 1993

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GEORGE BUSH HAS A WART ON HIS MEMBER WITH TWO HAIRS

by Nita M. Renfrew

*My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door
and my bowels were moved for him.*

Song of Solomon 5:4

I go to Washington in the spring of '91 and, surprisingly, I am invited to a small affair in the White house where George Bush is present. For some reason, I find myself talking to him. Then we are next to a floating screen, and he pulls me behind it. Before I know what is happening, he is lowering me gently to the floor. It is difficult to resist a president, and George is, after all, the most powerful man in the world. He slides an urgent hand under my skirt and pulls off my pants, and I feel his tongue on my great below, making a swirling motion. I am filled with warmth. He continues, moving slowly toward my clitoris, and I feel the muscles contract inside. Desire overcomes me as I lie back on the floor and surrender to his mouth.

When I begin to awaken in the morning, I feel a strong sensation of pleasure. When I realize that this is due to a dream of making love to Bush I am jolted fully awake. The delicious sensation, nevertheless, lingers the entire day.

My training in dream interpretation tells me that this is a healing dream. All persons in a dream are parts of oneself, I know, from my dream studies. Making love to them is healthy. It indicates the integration within oneself of certain conflicting, fragmented parts — a healing process. This means that within me is a part I identify with the unpleasant, dictatorial characteristics that I find in Bush. Conflict and ugliness in a dream indicate unresolved emotions that need to be looked at. I am, in my dream, accepting these negative emotions and integrating them. Accepting oneself is part of a healing process.

Thus, in the Senoi dream method, you are encouraged to have lucid dreams, meaning that you are conscious that you are dreaming. You are also encouraged to dialogue with your enemies, and eventually, make love to them.

In real life, I suspect, George Bush is cold and sinewy, like an old bird, with a half-limp erection. His mouth I find disgusting and mealy-looking, a big gaping hole with no lips. Nothing could be so repulsive as having it between my legs. I fancy that on one side of his member, midway, he has a wart with two gray hairs that he plucks regularly with tweezers.

I also imagine that he is the kind who will wear you out trying to perform but unable to at the moment of truth, like his promise to create 30 million new jobs. This kind of man always makes you feel

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that somehow it was your fault. Embarrassed by his seeming desire and eagerness to consummate, you go along with the charade, trying to give him confidence to achieve penetration, always feeling that if you give him just a little more help — with your hand, your mouth, whatever — he will be able to perform. Sometimes, very rarely, this works. When it doesn't though, you are left afterward feeling like a bitch in heat, frustrated and with your nerves badly frayed. You want to scream.

I think that probably Bush likes to be punished. He is the type. A friend of mine who is a professional dominatrix tells me that her clients are mostly very powerful and up-tight, and obsessive workers — Wall Street brokers, lawyers, politicians and such. They are people who gain inspiration for their business and political activities from reading ancient-times, Chinese sage Sun Tzu's book *The Art Of War*. She says that they come to be punished in her "dungeon." Sometimes they arrive saying they want to atone for having screwed so many people that day. My friend considers her work a service to society. She is a psychodramatist. In ancient times, she would have been called a priestess, or an exorcist.

I fantasize that I am George Bush's dominatrix to exonerate my shame and embarrassment at having felt such pleasure during the dream.

I am wearing a short black leather dress covered with silver zippers, net stockings and boots with 4-inch spike heels. My long blond hair cascades over my shoulders. After a hard day's work at the White House, George comes to me in New York in the same helicopter he takes to Camp David on weekends. He wants to be punished for the New World Order. Earlier, a Secret Service agent has visited me in my dungeon to map out the scenario of what George wants. One of the things he wants is not possible. George has requested that I shave his pubic hair with a longblade, like his father used to shave with when he was little. But the Secret Service think this is too dangerous, and before George enters my dungeon, they sweep the room to make certain there are no sharp objects aside from my spike heels.

As George enters, I smack my thigh with the small penis whip of fine leather thongs I am holding. He removes his jacket and pants, also his shorts, keeping his shoes on and his shirt. He loosens his Ralph Lauren tie (the same red one with the arabesques that he wore on the cover of Time) and lies down on his back on a large color map of Iraq. He stretches out his hands to be shackled to the wall. My assistant, who is my slave, calms him as I click the metal cuffs shut. I find George strangely docile, as if he is afraid of doing something wrong. He wants to be accepted, and liked. He is very stiff.

Meanwhile, all the Secret Service agents have left the room, and only a nondescript man in a black coat

and hat and a large black box, which is really a large briefcase, chained to his wrist, remains. He crouches in a corner where George can see him. The man with the black box carries the codes for our nuclear weapons and always has to be near the president. He is George's slave, or vice versa — I'm not quite sure which. The sight of this man with the black box turns me on.

I smack the penis whip on my thighs as I walk around George, saying, "You little shit, that's what you are. You bad boy. Baad," I bleat, drawing out the vowel of one of George's favorite words. "You baaad boy. Baaad. Baaaaad. You shit, now you're going to eat Mistress Nita's shit. Aren't you, you baaaaad boy?" George opens his amorphous mouth with the receding lips and waggles his tongue. "Not yet, you baaad boy," I say, walking around a few more minutes while he strains his neck toward me. "Look what you've done to the economy, you baaad boy," I say. "You've put a million workers out of work. You took us into war."

"Tell me about the burial assault, Mistress Nita," he begs. I do, with all the gory details of thousands of Iraqi soldiers being buried alive deliberately in the trenches by American soldiers under his command.

At the same time, I lower my bush over George's undulating mouth, and I shit warm, liquid shit onto his face. (I have been instructed as to the consistency of the shit he likes best, and have taken a small dose of laxative earlier.) His tongue laps at my shit eagerly, turning it into bullshit, or rather, bushshit.

"Baaaaad," I continue to bleat, sounding like one of the sheep that make up the American public. "Baaaaaad. Baaaaaaaad Baaaaaaaad."

George moans, his voice cracking with emotion, "I'll do anything you say. Yes, anything the polls say. Anything." He drools saliva mixed with liquid bushshit out the side of his mouth, like in his speeches.

I have been instructed beforehand not to suggest anything specific to him, because he might decide to do it in this state of suggestibility, and it might not be consistent with administration policy. My assistant, meanwhile, (her name, coincidentally, is Barbara, like Barbara Bush), is holding George's legs up like a baby having its diapers changed. Into his ass hole she inserts the plastic tip of a fat enema hanging from a stainless steel pole like the ones used for I-Vs in hospitals. George groans with pleasure. The liquid in the enema is blood from freshly-killed quails. They are either kosher or Islamic-killed. I'm not sure which. George likes to be reminded of foreign policy in as many ways as possible because, as he says, unlike on the domestic front, he doesn't have to go through the Congress to get things done overseas.

"Now tell me about the Road to Hell," George pleads, my shit starting to run from the sides of his mouth, moaning with pleasure as the quail blood flows into his bowels. Hunter that he is, he begs,

"Tell me about the turkey shoot that day."

He wants to hear the details of how the Iraqis died during the massacre of Iraqi soldiers fleeing from Kuwait on the second day of the Gulf ground war. "Baaaaad," I continue to bleat like a sheep, smacking the whip. Barbara fills the hanging pouch a second time with blood, without removing the enema tip. George sighs with satisfaction as his belly swells.

I tell him about how, due to the continuing sanctions on Iraq, children have no milk, and there is no anesthesia and no antibiotics in the hospitals. Etc.

"Hurry," he calls out suddenly. "Am I baad?"

I smack George on his erect penis as his shit and the quail blood suddenly explode from his ass all over the map of Iraq under him. "Inh, inh," he squeals, like a pig. And a bit of oyster-white semen trickles down the side of his belly, which is no longer bloated.

"I'm sorry for the mess. I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he cries, suddenly embarrassed. "I promise I won't do it again, Daddy. I promise."

"Baad, Baaaaad," I say sternly.

"I'm a bad boy, Daddy. I promise. I won't ever do it again," pleads George meekly.

All the time, the man crouched in the corner with the black box, still wearing his coat and hat, has a finger on the button, ready to push it if George gives the order. Now he unzips his pants and is jacking off noisily, with the other hand making little wet sliding noises as it moves back and forth along the barrel of the missile-like protrusion between his legs. He comes silently, and his other hand slides slowly off the button in the black bag.

Looking relieved, George says meekly, "Will you clean me up?" Earlier, I drank a lot of beer and now I pee all over him with all my might, starting with his open mouth with the shit running out the edges. "Next time we'll have to put you in a wet suit and zipper your eyes and mouth shut if you're baaad," I threaten. Then I release the shackles on his wrists. The stench now is overpowering — quail blood, George's shit, bushshit, my shit, urine, George's come, the man with the black bag's come. I realize how close we have come to a nuclear holocaust, and I am nauseous. But I know the world is safe for a while, until the next session, at least.

NITA M. RENFREW's book, *Saddam Hussein*, a biography, was published in 1992 by Chelsea House. She is now a Surrealist journalist writing a book that reports on the inner and outer facts of reality in the Persian Gulf crisis. The above is excerpted from a chapter of her upcoming work.

From: ANOTHER PRESENT ERA

by Elaine Perry

Wanda and Reggie sit in one of O'Sullivan's back rooms, surrounded by pool tables, in a booth made from a pair of vinyl-covered seats made from an old Greyhound bus and a table of black Formica. Reggie has a hook nose she proudly refuses to have fixed, or to speculate on its genealogy. She always wears purple and tonight is no different: faded purple denim jacket and jeans, and a jewel-neck sweater with photographically purple roses. Her black shoulder-length hair in hundreds of microbraids, like the ones Wanda used to wear a long time ago, and on her wrists bracelets of antique telephone wire macramed in intricate designs. The herbal cigarettes she's smoking smell like a sugary sweet incense.

"What I need is a career change," Wanda tells her, sipping ale from a pewter stein. "I should become a fashion designer." She picks up one of Reggie's cigarettes from the sleek gold pack, shreds it on the table. "Imagine the power to make millions of people throw out their wardrobe every year. Make them be ashamed to be seen in something they loved six months ago." She laughs and slides her stein back and forth on the slick table surface. "Or just imagine if every major architectural firm did a show twice a year, displaying scale models of the season's stylish new buildings."

"But then you'd have people destroying their houses and offices every year," Reggie says, lighting a cigarette with her Zippo. The bracelets clink together softly as she moves her hands.

"You mean like then already do? How many times has New York built Madison Square Garden, and torn it down and started all over again? I've lost count." She breaks her cigarette in half, shakes out the yellowish-brown herbs onto the table.

"So what's bothering you, Wanda? Besides Madison Square Garden."

Environmental sickness, Wanda wants to say. Maybe the city's getting to her, literally. Tyler has told her there are at least seventy toxins in the water than the filtration system can't handle. But the toxic ash from all the incinerators will kill everyone first. She's always been tempted to move upstate to a bio-regionalist community, where people sometimes succeed in detoxifying their immediate environment. She really wants to believe that most of her problems can be solved with changes in geography or career or, most of all, in the political climate. "The world's just too crazy," she says. "No wonder people want to go back to the past. But Jim Crow I can do without."

"And Jim Crow can do without you, honey. He wouldn't know where in the bus to put you."

Wanda frowns and sweeps aside the small mound of herbs from the cigarette. She wonders what more

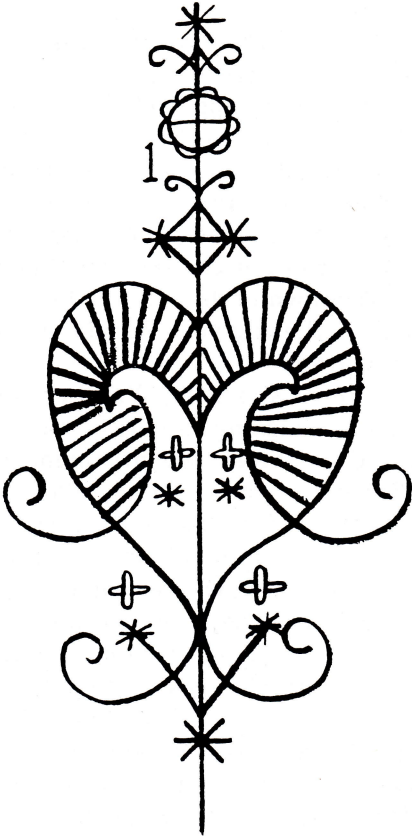
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bad news Reggie might have for her. She knows Reggie lost her NYNEX account shortly after the marketing executives met with her and discovered the woman who'd been doing their New York Viewphone Preferred Customer newsletter layouts was African-American. Not long ago, for a brief time in history, this would have been automatically illegal. Wanda's been following the story of a coalition of civil rights and other progressive organizations which is trying to have the concept of race declared unconstitutional. She's heard the arguments, most astonishingly that, stastically, the average black American is 25 percent white and the average white American is 6 percent black. Or, to put it another way, 95 percent of white Americans are 5 to 80 percent black. Her Aunt Tyler has told her stories about these whites researching their roots in the National Archives and finding they've got an African-American or two in the family, some becoming so hysterical that they have to be carried out by paramedics.

ELAINE PERRY divides her time between the worlds of fiction, non-fiction, and National Writer's Union organizing. *Another Present Era* (1990, Farrer, Straus & Giroux) is her first novel.

Veves are ornamental patterns used in Voodoo

verbosity and loquaciousness, as well as health, beauty and wealth.



rituals. The process of tracing a veve summons into being its power. The

enclosed veve is for the spirit Erzulie, goddess of

THE OBJECT OF DESIRE IS NEVER PC

by Jane C. Lamb

A studio in a Pre-war building in the 11th arrondissement overlooks a busy market street. When you enter through the door, you face a small bathroom, the main feature of which is an electric toilet. To the right, take a few steps and you might trip up onto a platform. No proscenium arch. If you don't trip, you will see, on the back wall, a wall of books in French. Otherwise, you'll be lying face down in the carpet. See below. And if you can't read the titles, chances are you won't read the others: in Greek. I'm told by Mikaelis, the occupant of this august den of inquiry: they are mostly Belles Lettres. In front of the wall, a desk of formica chipboard is held up by ungroaning sawhorses. You must sit at the desk and be tall enough — otherwise you can't play — to see a gray expanse of padded wall covering. Here you are allowed to project all those imaginary objects waiting to jump the stuff of your essential ether-ship. On the right (from the desk, not politically), off the platform, a small kitchen doesn't loom at all. Its grimness grins out from its center ennobled by a faltering, folding table. A topless, empty, half pot of orange marmalade oozes dried traces of marmalade with no rind bits. He ate the rind bits. The drying traces have spilled over to the stove, sink, fridge, and cracked floor tiles, becoming a light, greasy film as they go. He didn't eat the greasy film, needless to say. On either side of the desk, beds exist. A common canvas cot is awkwardly deployed and a single bed (that's single) is unmade.

Before the ontological desk, a couple of wooden chairs are also deployed though gracefully pay Napoleonic homage in short simplicity to the platform. You could swim in all the book piles although you shouldn't take that literally. A dark, brown carpet, which you should take literally, on the floor might make you want to use the electric toilet. The windows, streaked, are also naked on the street side next to the camp bed, and with the other in the kitchen, cry out for adornment. These are the sounds. Listen.

On the desk: books, notes, papers make swimming altogether impossible. A desk lamp don't get any light, anyway. Several ash trays brim very differently from champagne. A coffee cup, splattered, cries its effulgence, its *de trop*, its thingness. Can you hear it over the windows' shafty cries? Listen. It is unpicturable. Electric heater, standing free before the desk, warms the terrain, its action emanating in secret silence. The rug, brown, — remember? — the one you might have smashed your face into if you missed the platform at the beginning — is marked by a devilish pattern of dried spills, dust, ashes, bare spots. It's found abstract art which no visitor to this domain has yet discovered because he, but mostly

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she, is usually hit by the electric toilet syndrome before he or she can. Besides, it's irreproducible. OK. Yes. Photographs would be possible. The telephone half covered by a dirty towel is remarkably undistinguished. Sounds and smells don't drift up from the market street: Of the latter, there are already enough, besides, the windows are closed.

The hero of the revolution inhabits this universe like a tickling metronome most afternoons. Battle-ready, he sits at the desk, reading and twiddling one of several locks of greaseless hair. Huge eyes, blue, peer exalthamically under thick brows that will certainly never meet. Long cheeks, a long hooked nose, a few blackheads, long in time. Slim shoulders disappear in a line to the hips, a slight curve in the upper back emits high groans for onheaters only. The hero swings one jeaned leg over the other and his dark wool carpet slipper shudders to the ground in relief. Wouldn't you? "Je ne te plait pas? Tu ne me trouves pas beau?"* He asks me with the rise fall sentence end of Greek innotation glued to the French words. I know, you told me this, but give me a break, please. I look at him, replace him with my essential, ether stuff, which if you must know, is musing over men horses and is Greek-inspired. Look closely, it's on the gray padded expanse. Tra-la, tra-la. Running, jumping and playing in fields by streams or bodies of water.

Being ridden by a man horse onto the ground. Semen dripping down the inside of my thighs or finding its sticky way between my buttocks. I'm trying to block the hero's silly sally. My mind averts the question. I like what I see on my screen. Sorry, I can't show you this part. Rolling in grass, dirt, stones, dust, smell of woods. Then before the quick, essential culmination. Try a better description of orgasm. Grabbing the man horse's head... I must answer this question from the hero of the revolution, now. I am staying here a few months. I have nowhere else to go. And I am most anxious that "no where" not become "no wheres." I squirm at his mental squirming and resquirm more from the grimy gray, gooky gall of his incipient god-awful frailty and his pasted-down hair with the few flowing-to-be-twiddled locks. The sinewy silence continues to strangle the room and my mouth. No birds definitely do not sing. This sophomoric field he offers makes me shudder, strewn as it is with crypto-retro-hunks of highly hidden hideousness. One night he came home drunk, threw up on his blanket, slept in it, and I really wasn't planning to play mother courage. That's the blanket my mind recalls as I peer out at him in the gloam — I have no light either, with my aquiline blue eyes, from my perch, on the camp bed, fluttered.

One more of his pronunciamentos on "le desir," and I shall go mad, inelegantly forced to wield my swooping, verbal ammunitions. Thank god he hushes his pat, pithy recooked combinations for now. His bookish overdoses. I find an answer. "Oui, Mi-

kaelis, je te trouve beau. Mais, tu ne me plait pas. Je..."** *His blue eyes widen out of his peer* — each to his own peer, right? — both our gestures about to be interrupted by the telephone, ringing. As Mikaelis talks into the receiver — you do get this, don't you? — I drift back to the man horse in my head, I grab his head, and he and I become senseless, together. Wow! Perhaps a better description of orgasm. Don't *you* think, now. We, me and the man horse, that is, roll over and over still hugging nature's own grime right into the stream. Splashing, playing, I just drop the open book which I have been staring at, and settling my feathers on the cot, muse on the delight of marital hedging as Mikaelis releases his totalitarian trivia into the undistinguished instrument now devoid of its towel and on his desk. I do not wonder who was calling. I am grateful that he directs his attention away from me. I think I can stay here a few more months. Rent-free, anyway.

*Don't you think I'm handsome? Aren't you attracted to me?

**Yes, Mikaelis, I think you're handsome. No, I'm not attracted to you. I...

JANE C. LAMB would gladly kill for an agent (sic, sic).

A POEM FOR S & S's ALICE MAYHEW

- ALICE MAYHEW
 - MALICE MAYHEM
 - MAICE - MAY - HEW
 - MICE - MA - YEM
 - ICE - MA -
 - AL - MA - FEW -
 - LICE - AY - YEW -
 - ALIAY - FEW



TABO TORAL is a Panamanian artist, formerly a cartoonist for the Washington Post, living in New York.

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**AFTER A CALL FROM A LOVER,
SIX YEARS GONE BY**

By Pelda B. Levey

**Passion revisited and found wanting.
Dead as a doornail.
I search my body viscerally
for traces of pounding response.
None.
Years cool the thundering response.
The old word habits come. They are cold.
Dead. Without the tremulous feeling.
Words with very little danger.
Words with no round edges
emerge as description;
single syllabled, hard edged;
no sibilants; no soft th's.
These words thud as they hit the ground.
Not ugh. Not distaste.
Just leaden.**

**I can't remember the voice.
My body doesn't make the accent
as uniquely his.
Just some Middle Eastern man,
sounding like others I know.
Strange.**

PELDA B. LEVEY lives and writes in New York City.

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SIXTH AVENUE AND 49TH STREET
THURSDAY, AUGUST 26
NOON TO 2 PM**

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PROTESTING
THE TREATMENT OF
NITA RENFREW AND GORDON INKELES
AND
URGING HIM TO A FAIR SETTLEMENT**

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PRESCOTT DAN LETS GO OF BARBARA WALTERS AND SWIMS WITH THE WHALES

by Everett Favour

And so I said to him, "But you like Al Pacino."

And he said: "I told you before and I'll tell you again. I got a rule. Never watch a Barbara Walters interview. No matter what!"

And then he'd go on into this long rant about how it's vapid people like Barbara Walters that never get through to the heart of anything because they're really not trying to find out what's going on inside a person, they're only trying to start some kind of a scandal that makes such a splash nobody notices they haven't got any business being where they are to ask the questions in the first place. "Don't you know what it does to your soul if you sit and waste your time with something like that?" He always said the same thing, any time anybody made the mistake of mentioning Barbara Walters.

He did have his favorites, though. When Bush lost the election he was depressed for weeks. "What am I going to do now?" he'd say. "It takes so much more energy to worry where somebody you like is going to fuck things up. Despising a guy like Bush — now that was easy."

There came a point when he began to cultivate aphorisms. some of them he would get from the wranglers and ranch hands down Whiskey Row. Others he'd make up himself so they'd sound like they came from a cowboy. In that last year, when people would ask him how he was doing, he'd tell them he was "just about a handkerchief ahead full of a handful of snot." And when they would react with shock at the snot word, he'd laugh. And then he'd add: "And losin' ground every minute." He had this knack of getting to people, the way he seemed to know by instinct how certain words, like 'snot' had a stronger impact than "your standard four letter specials that're mostly overused anyway, don't you think?", as he said it, and how people'd be confused by the fact that they couldn't really disapprove of him when he didn't curse so that they were left kind of hanging in their own shock. Nobody really knew how to take the things he said.

Toward the end, just before he had to go back into the hospital for good, he got into oil painting and would embarrass women by asking them if they'd pose for him. Some of them went along because they thought it was just funny. Others fell for his artistic bullshit almost until it was too late to get offended when they finally figured out he just wanted to see them naked.

The last time I went to see him, he told me he'd decided communication wasn't worth the words it took after all. "Anyway, I realized this morning, my dreams all have been coming in music," he said.

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How long, I asked, as if what he said made any sense, because it seemed to. "The past week or so," he said. "When it began, my first thought was: So this is what it is like to be a right whale!"

He'd never talked about whales before. I mentioned that. He said he'd been studying them on the Discovery Channel. I asked him to tell me what he meant, and he said it wasn't anything like talking. It was music you didn't think about at all; it just came to you with a vast message that didn't have to be pieced out to be understood. You simply knew from hearing the music. And when you wanted to be understood, you just sent out a melody that got your point across — no — not your point, he said, that's a logic word, a thought word — there was no such thing as a point in what he was talking about — that would be too focused — when you sent your melody out it was you, in the air, going out to another, so that what he heard was you, you at your depths, you at your essence, you entering the other person so that everything was the same, and nothing of meaning was ever lost in translation. "Talk about love!" he said, and I couldn't believe it was the same guy talking.

"What exactly was it you dreamed?" I asked him. He said he didn't remember and anyway it would be impossible to put it into words since it all had been communicated in melody without thinking.

"Who else was in the dream with you?" I asked. he said he didn't remember and that it wasn't important. It might have been a multitude of people, living, dead, people he knew, people he didn't know. It didn't matter. It was all in the experience of uniting, making everybody kindred. He had lost me somewhere along the way there. But there was no arguing with his joy.

"I told him I'd never heard him talk like that. He said: "And you never will again. That's just about it."

I tried to turn the subject back to Barbara Walters, because I figured that would at least get a rise out of him, but it didn't work. There was nothing left to say.

EVERETT FAVOUR lives in the southwest, and writes extensively about what he finds around him.



The editors of Vigil Anti(c) will be reading aloud from their work at the Ear Inn, 326 Spring Street (Near the Hudson River) on Saturday, August 14th at 2:00 pm. Please join us.

BOXERS, BRIEFS AND BOLLOCKS

 By Jonathan Boorstein

In *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, Michelle Pfeiffer catches a glimpse of Beau Bridges in his boxer shorts. She says she would have thought that he was a Jockey man. As a brief recounter, Pfeiffer points out something that women have always known and men have only recently rediscovered: that there's more to your underpants than what you wear under your pants.

Maidenform notwithstanding, lassies are no longer the only ones being pushed this way and that way. Men now choose briefs or boxers depending on what they want to reveal or conceal, buttress or suppress, shape or flatten, of their primary sex differential. Nor is this anything new. In medieval times, cod-pieces were padded as well as ornamented. One whose curtains are parted and tied back to reveal a ship's prow, sails at full mast, is particularly festive.

What is new is that briefs are now no longer more popular than boxers. In the 80s, boxers lost their geeky image by introducing shorter, trimmer, more tapered styles that didn't bag or bunch under form-fitting pants, while the basic white Jockey Y-front gained one as being worn by only a nerd or your dad. This event is herewith known to all as "The Boxer Rebellion." Briefs still have strong support, however, even if mostly for the no-fly, hip variety. In fact, an article in *Details* magazine suggests that the typical male owns eight pairs of briefs and four pairs of boxers, meaning that the days of guys being "boxer men" or "Jockey men" are past. This also fits in with what many men's clothing stores have noticed among their customers: that boxer shorts are being bought as lounge wear and weekend wear. Men, it would seem, like to hang loose when they hang out.

Why boxers for off-time? This relates to image, and image is where our two basic styles of contemporary underwear began in the 1930s. Boxers were modeled after the shorts worn for boxing — hence the name. The brief was inspired by swim suits worn on the French Riviera. Interestingly, the strong, supple, and well-shaped muscles of boxers and swimmers are widely regarded as among the more perfect of the athletic physiques. However, Jockey didn't patent the Y-front until the mid-40s. Early advertising bore such testimonials as "scientifically perfected for correct masculine support." Of course, what constitutes "correct masculine support" usually depends on society's image of itself. The ancient Greeks, for example, favored infibulation for their athletes and would-be athletes.

Other than athletic associations, it remains an open question about how much further of a role image plays in underwear. Fashion gurus regard no class distinction between one style and the other.

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John “Dress-for-Success” Molloy, for example, doesn’t discuss underpants beyond that point, except to say that a gentleman always buys his own. Others note very specific social distinctions. Boxers are seen as gentlemanly and upper-class. Briefs seem middle class, with the classic Y-front rated as unattractive and the hip brief sexy. Low-slung bikini briefs are thought lower-class: sleazy if on an older man. “Clever” pictures and slogans are also regarded as lower-class, if not tasteless. A pair of “French Bicentennial” boxer shorts with a guillotine strategically placed over the fly is enough to send Sigmund whirling in his grave.

Material seems to lack social distinctions as well. While most men prefer cotton knit or cotton broadcloth, some favor silk. One man I know particularly likes silk boxers in abstract patterns of dark madders. Another guy I know once put on a pair of silk boxers, sat down on a bench to put on his socks, and slid off the bench, crashing to the floor. He now favors non-skid cotton briefs.

Designer underwear from Calvin Klein, Perry Ellis, and their ilk do not necessarily carry positive connotations. Many regard such underwear as pretentious, no matter how well-designed. I, for one, am thankful that I have yet to see underwear from Members Only.

Another image question, although perhaps one of presentation rather than representation, is what might well be called “panty line.” Boxers are better-suited for suits and dressier trousers. Form-fitting pants need form-fitting underwear, if not some long-line style. Why else do so many men not wear anything under their 501s? Of course, not all style considerations are image: there’s the issue of what I call “egress.” How do you get yourself out when you want to relieve yourself? While the double layer of the classic Y-front may be a boon for absorbency, you can get yourself entangled getting yourself out or back in. Furthermore, the layering of the Y-front assumes that you are a right-handed male hung to the left. As usual, the left-handed are being discriminated against. Regardless, many men no longer bother even trying to figure out how to manfully open and close their Y-fronts and simply flip themselves over the top, as they would for a no-fly model. Not that fly-front boxers don’t have problems also. There is a post-urinary drip and no double-absorbent layering with boxers. Be careful to tap.

JONATHAN BOORSTEIN is a freelance design critic and historian who wears light-blue, tapered boxer shorts.

THE BUTTFUCK BLUES

by Larry Jennings

Joey Buttfuck had no class
 Fucked Amy Fisher up the ass
 Turned her on, then turned her out
 Made those sweet young pink lips pout
*"Yeah, dat's right, I boned young Amy
 I'm da Buttfuck king and yous can't tame me.
 Humped dat sixteen-year-old skank
 and I'll keep on humpin' till I reach the
 bank."*

Well Amy got pissed and rightfully so
 when she found out Joey was not her beau.
 She bought a gun to kill him dead
 but blew up Mrs. Buckfuck's head.

But Mrs. Buttfuck did not die
 cuz she lived for the day to catch Joey in a
 lie.
 And now that she had him she finally found
 out
 she would make him pay there was no doubt.

*"So you had to fuck that jail-bait bitch
 Now she's gonna make me rich.
 All you wanna do is screw and screw
 Well move over, Joey, I'm gonna fuck her too".*

They needed someone to play the heavy
 Enter "A Current Affair's" Steve Dunleavy.
 Put a hidden camera up Amy's slot
 and watch the green come pouring out.

For the next 12 months on the network news
 the Buttfuck family cried the Buttfuck
 Blues.

Playing on the shallowness of the human
 race
 by showing Mrs. Buttfuck's fucked-up face.

And just when you asked "How much more
 can they irk us"
 comes a Buttfuck three ring, prime time
 media circus.

Three different movies made just for TV
 Channel 2, channel 4 and ABC.

So what becomes a legend most?
 Why an Amy Fisher story to boast.
 It's a sure fire way to get rich quick
 while the rest of us get fucked by a media
 dick.

LARRY JENNINGS is a native New Yorker who has
 been writing poetry for over two years. His writing
 credits include the *Village Voice*, and he frequently
 gives readings in the New York area.

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From: THE FILES OF THE
FIRM LOVE/FAIR LOVE
EMPATHY GROUP:

Mr. Dick Snyder
Chairman and CEO
Simon & Schuster/Paramount Publishing
1230 Sixth Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Dear Mr. Snyder:

After completing a background check into your situation, we are rejecting your application to the Firm Love/Fair Love Empathy Group. As it is rare that we reject a petitioner, I felt a personal note would be in order.

We did not, in fact, screen people who requested the help of our service until fairly recently. Two years ago, we had a couple — I'll call them Mr. & Mrs. Brown — come to us and explain that their son, "Davey" was not working, nor contributing to the maintenance of the household. Similar to the case you described, Davey was leading a grossly unproductive, fully supported life. He was occupied primarily by artistic pursuits, although his did not seem marketable on any level. His parents felt powerless to make any change in their situation.

After undergoing our training, Mr. & Mrs. Brown were able to deliver our patented "Be thankful we're doing this now: It'll make things easier when we die" message. Within six months, Davey had structured his artistic endeavors, had started working, and was looking for an apartment of his own in Brooklyn.

What we did not realize was that Davey was four. We've screened applicants more carefully ever since.

Your application contained several items that flagged our attention. It is apparent that you do not wish to use our techniques merely to rear a child. In the "Father's Occupation" section you filled out, you said you "train writers to come up with manuscripts I can understand." Mr. Snyder, a writer's advance is not like an allowance, contrary to what you later state. And I really don't think your writers are spending their advances on bubble gum. I am sorry that you spend so much time picking gum off the bottom of your chair at work. Perhaps William Manchester is addicted to Fleers Bubble Wrap?

Our first question, "How old is your child?" you answered "50". We knew then this would be an exceptional case.

Your response to the question "Are you prepared to risk antagonizing your child?" you — well, suffice to say that I have never before seen anyone answer "Yes" to that question so vociferously that the pencil tore through three sheets of paper.

It is clear to us that you wish to use our techniques to alleviate some sort of remorse you seem to have

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about the way you treat writers. In response to our question "Has your child not followed the life-plan you had seen for him/her — Mr. Snyder, your answer was — "not applicable?" Most children are, in some way or another, disappointments to their parents. I am sure that even your parents had hoped for, if not the next Larry Bird, someone who would not be perennially chosen last for basketball.

I regret that we will not be able to work with you. You have my best wishes in your efforts to surround yourself with an empathetic group.
Yours sincerely,

ERIC BLAIR

Tough Love/Fair Love Empathy Group

UNCLASSIFIED — NSS # 1002

-on genetically engineered humans

The latest on Kevin Kattke [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Montauk Project
[REDACTED] Plum Is-
land [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] laboratory [REDACTED] genetically
engineered pig [REDACTED] hammock

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Montauk Point [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] hangars [REDACTED] experiments [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] test [REDACTED] telepathic

[REDACTED] genetically engineered humans

[REDACTED] communicate [REDACTED] ships [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] project [REDACTED] serious risk [REDACTED]

made public [REDACTED] figured out how [REDACTED] rein him in.

KEVIN KATTKE was an engineer at Macy's for 17 years and is the founding director of The National Freedom Institute, from whence he is dedicated to changing the world. He is raising 4 genetically engineered pigs on his farm, obtained from Cornell University, and is concerned that the government's program for engineering humans, under the auspices of the military, is being kept secret.

The above report was obtained with considerable effort by Vigil Antic through the Freedom of Information Act from the highly secret US National Security Service, assigned to monitor all Kattke's activities. The report describes Kattke's efforts to expose the genetic-engineering-of-humans project in question.

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